

## Daily Kentuckian

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require subscriptions to be paid in  
advance.



... This paper has enlisted  
with the government in the  
cause of America for the  
period of the war .....

## OUR SERVICE FLAG



A pie sold at Carmi, Ill., for \$828.  
A farmer with the German name of  
Bohler bought it.

The name of Berlin, Michigan, is  
to be changed to Pershing. It is a  
town of 450 people.

Many freight trains filled with  
wounded lying on beds of straw are  
passing continually back to Germany.

Christian county Liberty Bond  
quota this time is only \$287,700,  
much lower than was expected. It  
should be subscribed in one day.

British casualties for March were  
14,090 including 3,044 killed or died  
of wounds. This does not include  
the battle now raging.

Air fighting continues very heavy.  
Friday the British dropped 26 tons  
of bombs and brought down 16 Ger-  
man planes. Twelve of their own  
failed to return.

Madame Storch, a young Turkish  
woman held as a spy in New York,  
died Saturday of pneumonia. She  
was at Ellis Island awaiting deporta-  
tion. She was 23 years old and was  
charged with being the leader of a  
gang of spies.

Fifty-four of those killed in the  
church shelled by the Huns Friday  
night, in Paris, were women who  
were engaged in a prayer service.  
A hole 12 by 20 feet was torn in  
the wall and the debris fell in-  
ward on the worshippers. There were  
135 victims, 75 killed outright. Sun-  
day morning another bombardment  
with long range guns killed 8 and  
wounded 37, most of them women  
and children.

In spite of reassuring headlines  
in the papers, the German invaders  
of a new section of France have  
reached a point almost due North of  
Paris, and within 57 miles of the  
city. We had hoped that long be-  
fore this time the foe would have  
been beaten back. If we have 800-  
000 reserves ready it is hard to un-  
derstand why the Huns are still the  
aggressors and are even reported to  
be digging in along the new line.  
We are all confident of ultimate  
triumph but the bare facts will not  
permit us to be jubilant. But things  
will soon come to a Foch-us.

## Being Ahead of the Times.

The world calls every man that is  
ahead of his age a crank. There is no  
disgrace in it. It may be a little hard  
not to be understood and appreciated  
when you know you have what the  
world needs, notes an exchange. But  
remember, that's the way with the  
world. It sometimes takes years, and  
even centuries for people to appreciate  
what's beyond their experience.

## TERRIBLY SWOLLEN

Suffering Described As Torture  
Relieved by Black-Draught.

Rossville, Ga.—Mrs. Kate Lee Able, of  
this place, writes: "My husband is an  
engineer, and once while lifting, he in-  
jured himself with a piece of heavy ma-  
chinery, across the abdomen. He was  
so sore he could not bear to press on  
himself at all, on chest or abdomen. He  
weighed 165 lbs., and fell off until he  
weighed 110 lbs., in two weeks.

He became constipated and it looked  
like he would die. We had three different  
doctors, yet with all their medicine, his  
bowels failed to act. He would turn up  
a ten-cent bottle of castor oil, and drink  
it two or three days in succession. He  
did this yet without result. We became  
desperate, he suffered so. He was swollen  
terribly. He told me his suffering  
could only be described as torture.

I sent and bought Theodor's Black-  
Draught. I made him take a big dose,  
and when it began to act he fainted, he  
was in such misery, but he got relief and  
began to mend at once. He got well,  
and we both feel he owes his life to  
Theodor's Black-Draught."

Theodor's Black-Draught will help you  
to keep fit, ready for the day's work.  
Try it! NC-131

(Advertisement)

## "Over the Top"

By An American Soldier  
Who Went

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY  
Machine Gunner Serving in France

(Copyright, 1917, by Arthur Guy Empey)

Then we had what we called our  
"come-alongs." These are strands of  
barbed wire about three feet long,  
made into a noose at one end; at the  
other end, the barbs are cut off and  
Tommy slips his wrist through a loop  
to get a good grip on the wire. If the  
prisoner wants to argue the point, why  
just place the large loop around his  
neck and no matter if Tommy wishes  
to return to his trenches at the walk,  
trot, or gallop, Fritz is perfectly agree-  
able to maintain Tommy's rate of  
speed.

We were ordered to black our faces  
and hands. For this reason: At night,  
the English and Germans use what  
they call star shells, a sort of rocket  
affair. They are fired from a large  
pistol about twenty inches long, which  
is held over the sanding parapet of the  
trench, and discharged into the air.  
These star shells attain a height of  
about sixty feet, and a range of from  
fifty to seventy-five yards. When they  
hit the ground they explode, throwing  
out a strong calcium light which lights  
up the ground in a circle of a radius of  
between ten to fifteen yards. They  
also have a parachute star shell which,  
after reaching a height of about sixty  
feet, explodes. A parachute unfolds  
and slowly floats to the ground, light-  
ing up a large circle in No Man's Land.  
The official name of the star shell is a  
"Very-light." Very-lights are used  
to prevent night surprise attacks on  
the trenches. If a star shell falls in  
front of you, or between you and the  
German lines, you are safe from detec-  
tion, as the enemy cannot see you  
through the bright curtain of light.  
But if it falls behind you, as Tom-  
my says, "you get in the star shell  
zone," then the fun begins; you have  
to lie flat on your stomach and remain  
absolutely motionless until the light of  
the shell dies out. This takes any-  
where from forty to seventy seconds.  
If you haven't time to fall to the  
ground you must remain absolutely  
still in whatever position you were in  
when the light exploded; it is advis-  
able not to breathe, as Fritz has an  
eye like an eagle when he thinks you  
are knocking at his door. When a star  
shell is burning in Tommy's rear he  
can hold his breath for a week.

You blacken your face and hands so  
that the light from the star shells will  
not reflect on your pale face. In a  
trench raid there is quite sufficient  
reason for your face to be pale. If you  
don't believe me, try it just once.

Then another reason for blackening  
your face and hands is that, after you  
have entered the German trench at  
night, "white face" means Germans,  
"black face" English. Coming around  
a traverse you see a white face in  
front of you. With a prayer and wish-  
ing Fritz "the best of luck," you intro-  
duce him to your "persuader" or  
knuckle knife.

A little later we arrived at the com-  
munication trench named Whisky  
street, which led to the fire trench at  
the point we were to go over the top  
and out in front.

In our rear were four stretcher bear-  
ers and a corporal of the R. A. M. C.  
carrying a pouch containing medicines  
and first-aid appliances. Kind of a  
grim reminder to us that our expedi-  
tion was not going to be exactly a pic-  
nic. The order of things was reversed.  
In civilian life the doctors generally  
come first, with the undertakers tag-  
ging in the rear and then the insur-  
ance man, but in our case, the under-  
takers were leading, with the doctors  
trailing behind, minus the insurance  
adjuster.

The presence of the R. A. M. C. men  
did not seem to disturb the raiders, be-  
cause many a joke made in an under-  
tone, was passed along the winding  
column, as to who would be first to  
take a ride on one of the stretchers.  
This was generally followed by a wish  
that, if you were to be the one, the

wound would be a "cushy Blighty  
one."

The stretcher bearers, no doubt,  
hoping that, if they did have to carry  
anyone to the rear, he would be small  
and light. Perhaps they looked at me  
when wishing, because I could feel an  
uncomfortable, boring sensation be-  
tween my shoulder blades. They got  
their wish all right.

Going up this trench, about every  
sixty yards or so we would pass a lone-  
ly sentry, who in a whisper would  
wish us "the best of luck, mates." We  
would tilt at him under our breaths;  
that Jonah phrase to us sounded very  
ominous.

Without any casualties the minster  
troop arrived at Suicide ditch, the  
front-line trench. Previously, a wiring  
party of the Royal Engineers had cut  
a lane through our barbed wire to en-  
able us to get out into No Man's Land.

Crawling through this lane, our  
party of twenty took up an extended-  
order formation about one yard apart.  
We had a tap code arranged for our  
movements while in No Man's Land,  
because for various reasons it is not  
safe to carry on a heated conversation  
a few yards in front of Fritz's lines.  
The officer was on the right of the  
line, while I was on the extreme left.  
Two taps from the right would be  
passed down the line until I received  
them, then I would send back one tap.  
The officer, in receiving this one tap,  
would know that his order had gone  
down the whole line, had been under-  
stood, and that the party was ready  
to obey the two-tap signal. Two taps  
meant that we were to crawl forward  
slowly—and believe me, very slowly—  
for five yards, and then halt to await  
further instructions. Three taps meant,  
when you arrived within striking dis-  
tance of the German trench, rush it  
and inflict as many casualties as pos-  
sible, secure a couple of prisoners, and  
then back to your own lines with the  
speed of light. Four taps meant,  
"I have gotten you into a position from  
which it is impossible for me to extri-  
cate you, so you are on your own."

After getting Tommy into a mess on  
the western front he is generally told  
that he is "on his own." This means,  
"Save your skin in any way possible."  
Tommy loves to be "on his own" behind  
the lines, but not during a trench raid.

The star shells from the German  
lines were falling in front of us, there-  
fore we were safe. After about twenty  
minutes we entered the star shell  
zone. A star shell from the German  
lines fell about five yards in the rear  
and to the right of me; we hugged the  
ground and held our breath until it  
burned out. The smoke from the star  
shell traveled along the ground and  
crossed over the middle of our line.  
Some Tommy sneezed. The smoke had  
gotten up his nose. We crouched on  
the ground, cursing the offender under  
our breath, and waited the volley that  
generally ensues when the Germans  
have heard a noise in No Man's Land.  
Nothing happened. We received two  
taps and crawled forward slowly for  
five yards; no doubt the officer be-  
lieved what Old Pepper had said, "Per-  
sonally I believe that that part of the  
German trench is unoccupied." By be-  
ing careful and remaining motionless  
when the star shells fell behind us, we  
reached the German barbed wire with-  
out mishap. Then the fun began. I  
was scared stiff as it is ticklish work  
cutting your way through wire when  
about thirty feet in front of you there  
is a line of Boches looking out into No  
Man's Land with their rifles lying  
across the parapet, straining every  
sense to see or hear what is going on  
in No Man's Land; because at night,  
Fritz never knows when a bomb with  
his name and number on it will come  
hurtling through the air aimed in the  
direction of Berlin. The man on the  
right, one man in the center and my-  
self on the extreme left were equipped  
with wire cutters. These are insulated  
with soft rubber not because the Ger-  
man wires are charged with electricity,  
but to prevent the cutters rubbing  
against the barbed wire stakes, which  
are of iron, and making a noise  
which may warn the inmates of the  
trench that someone is getting fresh  
in their front yard. There is only one  
way to cut a barbed wire without noise  
and through costly experience Tommy  
has become an expert in doing this.  
You must grasp the wire about two  
inches from the stake in your right  
hand and cut between the stake and  
your hand.

If you cut a wire improperly, a  
loud twang will ring out on the night  
air like the snapping of a banjo  
string. Perhaps this noise can be  
heard only for fifty or seventy-five  
yards, but in Tommy's mind it makes  
a loud noise in Berlin.

We had cut a lane about halfway  
through the wire when, down the cen-  
ter of our line, twang! went an im-  
properly cut wire. We crouched down,  
cursing under our breath, trembling all  
over, our knees lacerated from the  
strands of the cut barbed wire on the  
ground, waiting for a challenge and  
the inevitable volley of rifle fire. Noth-  
ing happened. I suppose the fellow  
who cut the barbed wire improperly  
was the one who had sneezed about  
half an hour previously. What we  
wished him would never make his new  
year a happy one.

The officer, in my opinion, at the  
noise of the wire should have given the  
four-tap signal, which meant, "On your  
own, get back to your trenches as  
quickly as possible," but again he must  
have relied on the spite that Old Pepper  
had given us in the dugout, "Per-  
sonally I believe that that part of the  
German trench is unoccupied." Any-  
way, we got careless, but not so care-  
less that we sang patriotic songs or  
made any unnecessary noise.

During the intervals of falling star  
shells we carried on with our wire cut-  
ting until at last we succeeded in cut-  
ting through the wire. Before reach-  
ing this lane I came to a limp  
form which seemed like a box of outs

## Keeping Yourself Well

## Run Down, Aching

people need a good tonic  
that will send the blood  
tingling through the  
body, enrich it by im-  
proving the digestion,  
and clean it by expelling the  
waste matter. Health is a  
matter of plenty of rich blood,  
free from impurities.

## PERUNA

disperses inflammation of the  
blood making organs,—the di-  
gestion—gives tone and "pep"  
to the membranes that line  
the lungs and the digestive tract,  
and invigorates the entire system.

You can have health if you take  
care of your-  
self and take  
Peruna when you  
need it.  
At your drug-  
gists.

Thoroughly Tested and  
APPROVED  
by the  
Council  
of the  
American Home  
4 Years of Endorsement

THE PERUNA  
COMPANY  
Columbus, Ohio



Receiving First Aid.

ting through the German barbed wire.  
At this point we were only ten feet  
from the German trenches. If we were  
discovered, we were like rats in a trap.  
Our way was cut off unless we ran  
along the wire to the narrow lane we  
had cut through. With our hearts in  
our mouths we waited for the three-  
tap signal to rush the German trench.  
Three taps had gotten about halfway  
down the line when suddenly about ten  
to twenty German star shells were  
fired all along the trench and landed  
in the barbed wire in rear of us, turn-  
ing night into day and silhouetting us  
against the wall of light made by the  
flares. In the glaring light we were  
confronted by the following unpleasant  
scene.

All along the German trench, at  
about three-foot intervals, stood a big  
Prussian guardsman with his rifle at  
the aim, and then we found out why  
we had not been challenged when the  
man sneezed and the barbed wire had  
been improperly cut. About three feet  
in front of the trench they had con-  
structed a single fence of barbed wire  
and we knew our chances were one  
thousand to one of returning alive.  
We could not rush their trench on ac-  
count of this second defense. Then  
"front of me the challenge, "Halt,"  
given in English rang out, and one of  
the finest things I have ever heard on  
the western front took place.

From the middle of our line some  
Tommy answered the challenge with,  
"Aw, go to h—l." It must have been  
the man who had sneezed or who had  
improperly cut the barbed wire; he  
wanted to show Fritz that he could  
die game. Then came the volley. Ma-  
chine guns were turned loose and sev-  
eral bombs were thrown in our rear.  
The Boche in front of me was looking  
down his sight. This fellow might  
have, under ordinary circumstances,  
been handsome, but when I viewed him  
from the front of his rifle he had the  
goblins of childhood imagination re-  
legated to the shade.

Then came a flash in front of me, the  
flare of his rifle—and my head seemed  
to burst. A bullet had hit me on the  
left side of my face about half an  
inch from my eye, smashing the cheek  
bones. I put my hand to my face and  
felt forward, biting the ground and  
kicking my feet. I thought I was dy-  
ing, but, do you know, my last life did  
not unfold before me the way it does  
in novels.

The blood was streaming down my  
tunic, and the pain was awful. When  
I came to I said to myself, "Emp, old  
boy, you belong in Jersey City, and  
you'd better get back there as quickly  
as possible."

The bullets were cracking overhead.  
I crawled a few feet back to the Ger-  
man barbed wire, and in a stooping po-  
sition, guiding myself by the wire, I  
went down the line looking for the  
lane we had cut through. Before  
reaching this lane I came to a limp  
form which seemed like a box of outs

SENTENCE OVER THE WIRE. IN THE DIM  
light I could see that his hands were  
blackened, and knew it was the body  
of one of my mates. I put my hand  
on his head, the top of which had been  
blown off by a bomb. My fingers sank  
into the hole. I pulled my hand back  
full of blood and brains, then I went  
crazy with fear and horror and rushed  
along the wire until I came to our  
lane. I had just turned down this lane  
when something inside of me seemed to  
say, "Look around." I did so; a bal-  
let caught me on the left shoulder. It  
did not hurt much, just felt as if some-  
one had punched me in the back, and  
then my left side went numb. My arm  
was dangling like a rag. I fell forward  
in a sitting position. But all the fear  
had left me and I was consumed with  
rage and cursed the German trenches.  
With my right hand I felt in my tunic  
for my first-aid or shell dressing. In  
feeling over my tunic my hand came  
in contact with one of the bombs which  
I carried. Gripping it, I pulled the pin  
out with my teeth and blindly threw it  
towards the German trench. I must  
have been out of my head, because I  
was only ten feet from the trench and  
took a chance of being mangled. If  
the bomb had failed to go into the  
trench I would have been blown to  
bits by the explosion of my own bomb.  
By the flare of the explosion of the  
bomb, which luckily landed in their  
trench, I saw one big Boche throw up  
his arms and fall backwards, while his  
rifle flew into the air. Another one  
wilted and fell forward across the  
sandbags—then blackness.

Realizing what a foolhardy and risky  
thing I had done, I was again seized  
with a horrible fear. I dragged myself  
to my feet and ran madly down the  
lane through the barbed wire, stum-  
bling over cut wires, tearing my uni-  
form, and lacerating my hands and  
legs. Just as I was about to reach  
No Man's Land again, that same voice  
seemed to say, "Turn around." I did  
so, when, "crack," another bullet  
caught me, this time in the left shoul-  
der about one-half inch away from the  
other wound. Then it was taps for me.  
The lights went out.

(Continued.)

FARMERS RALLYING TO  
WIN THE WAR QUICKLY

The Man Behind the Plow as Necess-  
ary as the Man Behind  
the Gun.

Since the dark ages the farmer—the  
most peace-loving citizen—has been  
the man who suffered most from war.  
His crops, his everything, are usually  
consumed by the invading armies.

But the farmer is a warrior when he  
once realizes that war is the only thing  
that will keep him free. Since the war  
was declared against the Central Pow-  
ers he has not had the same chance to  
quickly grasp what it is all about.

But now he is coming to a full  
knowledge of the barbarous enemy  
with which we are at war.

Reports from the rural districts  
throughout the Eighth Federal Re-  
serve District indicate that the farm-  
ers are ready to assist in a heavy sub-  
scription to the Third Liberty Loan,  
which will be launched April 6.

We are now in the crucial year of  
the war. Our boys are at the front,  
hundreds of thousands of them in the  
trenches and a million more ready to  
go. The Treasury Department has the  
whole burden of the war on its  
shoulders.

Every nickel and dime that can be  
raked up and scraped together will  
help Uncle Sam whip the Hun. Don't  
think the money left in the sock or  
other hiding places will help. It must  
be put into Liberty Bonds.

For baby's croup, Willie's cuts and  
bruises, mother's sore throat, Grand-  
ma's lameness.—Dr. Thomas' Elec-  
tric Oil—the household remedy. 30c  
and 60c.  
Advertisement.

## Husband and Wife.

Compensation for services rendered  
by a wife outside of the home of her  
husband, with whom she is living, such  
services not being in the discharge of  
her household or domestic duties, and  
not in interference therewith, is held  
recoverable in an action therefor in  
her own name and for her own use, in  
Bechtel vs. Ewing, L. R. A. 1917E, 270.

Children Cry  
FOR FLETCHER'S  
CASTORIA

## As He Understood It.

John was trying to be unusually  
nice to a man who was visiting John's  
big sister, Clara. When things be-  
came dull inside, John invited the vi-  
sitor out in the yard. Seeing one of  
his playmates, little John called him  
over, exclaiming: "Charlie, come on  
over and meet my sister's fiancé."

Children Cry  
FOR FLETCHER'S  
CASTORIA

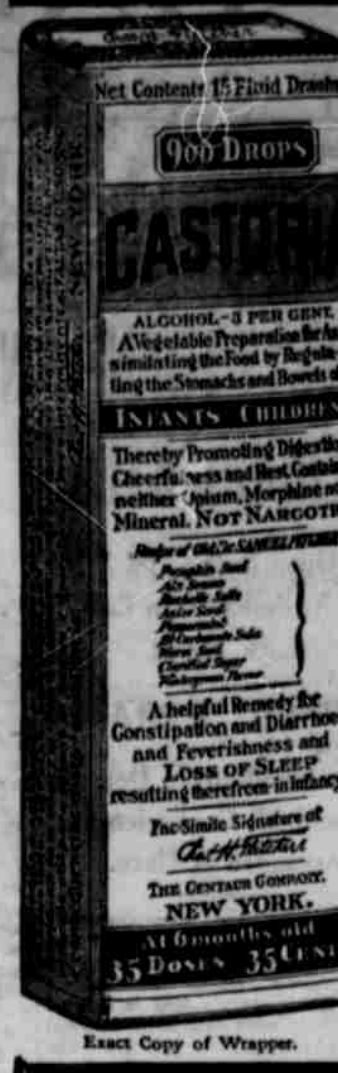
## Sacrifices Must Be Made.

The mere announcement of a Lib-  
erty Loan is a direct call to duty of  
every man, woman and child in the  
country. The measure of one's pa-  
triotism is increased by every incon-  
venience, discomfort and sacrifice  
made in subscribing to the loan.

Buy a Liberty Bond and help free

our.

For tested Garden Seed. The sure  
growing kind go to  
JOHN MCCARLEY,  
Ninth Street Store.



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Always  
Bears the  
Signature  
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For Over  
Thirty Years  
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now for the best buy.

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JNO. B. TRICE, Vice-Pres.

IRA L. SMITH, Cashier

J. A. BROWNING, Jr., Asst. Cashier

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